

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Mothers Should Watch the Development of Their Daughters—
Interesting Experiences of Misses Borman and Mills.



Every mother possesses information which is of vital interest to her young daughter.

Too often this is never imparted or is withheld until serious harm has resulted to the growing girl through her ignorance of nature's mysterious and wonderful laws and penalties.

Girls' over-sensitiveness and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle physicians, as they so often withhold their confidence from their mothers and conceal the symptoms which ought to be told to their physician at this critical period.

When a girl's thoughts become sluggish, with headache, dizziness or a disposition to sleep, pains in back or lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude; when she is a mystery to herself and friends, her mother should come to her aid, and remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will at this time prepare the system for the coming change, and start the menstrual period in a young girl's life without pain or irregularities.

Hundreds of letters from young girls and from mothers, expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them, have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., at Lynn, Mass.

Miss Mills has written the two following letters to Mrs. Pinkham, which will be read with interest:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.)
"I am but fifteen years of age, am depressed, have dizzy spells, chills, headache and back-ache, and as I have heard that you can give helpful advice to girls in my condition, I am writing you."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.)
"It is with the feeling of utmost gratitude that I write to you to tell you what your valuable medicine has done for me. When I wrote you in regard to my condition I had consulted several doctors, but they failed to understand my case and I did not receive any benefit from their treatment. I followed your advice, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now healthy and well, and all the distressing symptoms which I had at that time have disappeared."—Myrtle Mills, Oquawka, Ill.

Miss Matilda Borman writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my menses were irregular and painful, and I always had such dreadful headaches."

"But since taking the Compound my headaches have entirely left me, my menses are regular, and I am getting strong and well. I am telling all my girl friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Matilda Borman, Farmington, Iowa.

If you know of any young girl who is sick and needs motherly advice, ask her to address Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her every detail of her symptoms, and to keep nothing back. She will receive advice absolutely free, from a source that has no rival in the experience of woman's ills, and it will, if followed, put her on the right road to a strong, healthy and happy womanhood.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of cures of female ills of any medicine that the world has ever known. Why don't you try it?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Makes Sick Women Well.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

An Episode of the Cuban Revolution

(Original.)

Previous to the last Cuban revolution, during which the Cubans, with the help of the United States, flung off the Spanish yoke, Colonel Manuel Ordaz of the Spanish army married Donna Ysabel Clevigero, who inherited one of the finest sugar plantations on the island. They were both young and desperately in love with each other. When the revolution came Senora Ordaz espoused the cause of the Cubans, while her husband, commanding a regiment of Spanish troops, was bound to fight on the side of Spain.

"Go, Manuel," said the young wife, "and do your duty. That you must endeavor to strengthen the yoke we bear will not turn my love from you a whit."

"I know," replied the husband, "that you will add the insurrection with your means and your personal effort, yet I shall love you the same."

Colonel Ordaz left her to join his regiment, and Senora Ordaz organized a battalion of Cubans, arming and equipping them at her own expense. When they were ready to take the field they demanded that she should command them. This she consented to do nominally, with rank of major.

The Spaniards at the outset of the revolution treated the Cubans as rebels and traitors. An officer and ten men of Senora Ordaz's battalion, having been captured, were shot. The Senora in response to the clamors of her soldiers declared that she would shoot the first Spanish officer and ten privates that should fall into her hands.

One day soon after this, while Senora Ordaz was sitting in her tent, she heard the tread of men marching, and in a few moments a squad halted without and a sergeant rapped on the tent pole. The major threw aside the flaps, and before her stood ten Spanish privates and a man in citizen's dress under guard.

Why did the Senora turn white and gasp for breath? She knew that these men were marched before her that she might give an order for their execution, but the ten lives were as nothing compared with that of the citizen, for under his disguise she recognized her husband. Colonel Ordaz had been arrested trying to pass as a civilian from one province to another bearing important dispatches, which were found on his person. This in all armies is considered to constitute a spy and is punishable with death.

The Senora listened to the report of the sergeant with a heaving bosom, hearing not a word. Colonel Ordaz stood erect, while a glance of recognition passed between husband and wife. When the sergeant had finished, the major, with difficulty commanding her voice, called him to her and said:

"These men, as I have promised,

must die. Take them to the guard tent, and I will issue an order during the day for their execution. The spy I desire to examine myself. I will keep the papers for transmission to our general. Leave the man here with me till I call for you."

"Alone?"
"Yes, alone."

"He is desperate, Senora. When arrested he tried to shoot himself. He may kill you and escape."

"Leave that to me. Station a guard before the tent down there beyond the fence."

The guard was posted, and the Senora called the spy into her tent, leaving the tent flaps thrown back. The man stood with bowed head. The pair could converse without being heard, but were in full view of the guard.

"Manuel," said the wife, "I cannot prevent your execution, though I can delay it. I shall send for you tonight when it is dark and in the meantime devise a pretext for seeing you without observation for a last farewell."

"Do not stir a finger to save me. By doing so you might endanger your own life."

The guard was called and the prisoner led away. That night he was taken again under guard commanded by an officer to the major's tent. The major ordered the officer to surround the tent with his men, but to leave her to a private interview with the prisoner, from whom she expected important information. Then the spy was left in the tent, unguarded except by the rays of a full moon. For a time the tent flaps were thrown back, but presently they were lowered.

The officer in command of the guard was puzzled. He did not know what to do, so he did nothing.

Presently the officer of the guard saw a figure wrapped in the Senora's military cloak emerge hastily from the tent and run toward him. Passing, she cried in a voice that he considered changed by excitement: "I fear the spy has cheated the gallows. I am going for a surgeon."

The officer ran to the tent to see as he supposed—the body of the spy lying on the ground, while a strong smell of chloroform pervaded the tent. He waited for the Senora to bring a surgeon, but she did not return. At last, when he was about to send a messenger to report the matter, the spy opened his eyes.

"Where is he?" asked the voice of the Senora.

"Who? What? Are you?"

"What odor is this?"

"Senora, I see it all. We feared the man would trick you. He has chloroformed you and escaped."

At least he had escaped. The Senora had placed her horse—the fleetest in the command—where her husband could mount him. The Colonel did so and rode safely into his own lines.

After this episode the Senora gave up her command and retired to her plantation.

MARY BROWN COLCLAZER.

WRANGLING BRETHREN

Two Denominations Draw Theological Daggers.

MEMBERSHIP FLUCTUATED

A New Parsonage and Parsonage Barn Built—Good Story by Mr. McAnn Leads to Happy Solution of the Problem.

IX.

[Continued.]

A Needless Controversy

When Mr. Webster entered upon the pastorate the society was in the midst of a bitter and most unfortunate controversy with the local Congregational church. The trouble originally arose between the previous pastor, the Rev. J. L. Slauson, and the pastor of the Congregational church, the Rev. Mr. Royce.

Attempt to Demolish Universalism. It seems that Mr. Royce was of the opinion that the presence of the Universalist church in the community was something which was wrong and altogether wrong. Hence he set about to demolish it, and, to this end, imported into the place a Rev. Mr. Smith who was, polemically speaking, a heavy weight theological pugilist. To change the figure, the idea of Mr. Royce was that the theological guns of his imported conference were so well shot that nothing would be left of the Universalist church and creed after he had trained his artillery upon them.

Where the Trouble Arose.

In order to get all possible backing for his onslaught Mr. Royce invited the Methodists to attend the creed-smashing service in a body. This, after an official meeting, they refused to do, and held a service of their own at the same hour. Mr. Royce claimed that Mr. Slauson, when he came to let him know the result of the Methodist deliberations, told him that he himself, and his brethren, as far as he knew, would be glad to attend the meeting, but that, if they should attend in a body, it would look like a combination against the Universalists, and would prevent them from attending, and thus becoming convinced of their theological heresies. Mr. Slauson denied having made any such statements; consequently there was a lie between the two pastors, and a long and bitter war of words ensued, the harmful results of which were seen for a long time. Each church, as a whole, naturally stood up for its pastor, and the town was divided into warring camps, so that the bitterness of the thirty years' religious war in Germany almost found a parallel here.

Recourse to Printer's Ink.

In order to more fully demonstrate the justice of his side Mr. Royce, the Congregational pastor, issued a pamphlet of considerable length, entitled "Considerations for the People of Barre Respecting the Hostility of the Methodists in This Town Against the Congregationalists." Not to be outdone a reply was issued by the Methodists.

In Unwelcome Shoes.

During the progress of this controversy the Rev. Mr. Slauson was removed to another church by the Conference and the Rev. Dr. Webster stationed in his place at Barre. Succeeding not only to the parish, but also to the untold row between the churches, Mr. Webster was "in it" in more senses than one. But, as far as possible, he preserved a neutrality, and did much to pour oil upon the troubled waters. The Methodist pamphlet is still in existence. Mrs. Angeline French possessing a copy. It was of large size, set solid, printed in small type, and contained upwards of 50 pages.

A Consequent Decline.

This controversy was most unfortunate, and did not a little to bring the cause of Christianity into contempt among those not identified with either church.

Mr. Webster was succeeded in the pastorate by the Rev. J. W. Perkins, who remained but one year; and he by R. Bedford, who continued in the pastorate for two years. As a natural result of the denominational controversy just mentioned the progress in these pastorates was of an inverted order, and there was something of a decline throughout the whole Conference. The church had its seasons of advance and its periods of retrogression; this was one of the latter.

A Faithful Shepherd.

At the Conference of 1849 and 1850 the name of Caleb Fales was read off for Barre. Mr. Fales was a frank, fearless, outspoken man who thought clearly, felt deeply and labored faithfully. He did his duty fearlessly, as he saw it. As a result of his faithful labors a gracious revival crowned the first year

of his pastorate, and the influences of that season of refreshing were long felt. As an instance of his pastoral fidelity, Mrs. J. A. Sherburne tells that, meeting her at an annual Conference some time after his pastorate here had closed, he inquired, as soon as the preliminary greetings were over, if she had "sought the Lord yet." Receiving a negative reply he tersely responded, "Well, it's time you had, then." Mr. Fales was a brother-in-law of Peter Merrill, who was also pastor of this church at a later date, and one of the strong men of the Conference.

Rev. John G. Dow.

Following Mr. Fales came John G. Dow, who was reputed to be the best sermonizer in the entire Conference. He declared that he always wrote his sermons in full, though he never took a scrap of paper to the pulpit with him. He was very neat and orderly in his ways, and was never a terror to his hostess when entertained. Though greatly beloved by the entire church and community the membership as a whole declined, as he found 102 members and left but 87. This was low water mark for Barre Methodism.

Changed His Mind.

The next minister was Edmund Copeland. During his first year there was some revival, and everything appeared to be harmonious, but Mr. Copeland thought he could do better elsewhere, and so was stationed at Montpelier the coming Conference. He found, however, that the church at the Capital was less enjoyable than the one here and gladly accepted a reappointment to Barre at the close of his first year at Montpelier. He found that distance lent enchantment, and that it was best to let well enough alone. He came to like Barre so well that he settled here upon his retirement from the ministry, and bought a house near the present residence of W. F. Shepherd. His widow survived him several decades, and only passed to rest a few years ago. She made several valuable contributions to the building fund of Hedding church, and was highly esteemed for the worth of her character. The year between the two pastorates of Mr. Copeland was served by the Rev. Elijah Robinson, but of his history has preserved no records.

A Freak of Nature.

During the last part of the second pastorate of Mr. Copeland a most extraordinary cyclone took the parsonage barn, lifted it up bodily, took it over the parsonage, which then stood on the site of the present Protestant Episcopal church, carried it on over the Methodist church, and finally landed it on the French meadow in the rear of the church. This sounds like fiction, but is said to be sober fact. The consequence was that a new barn was needed, and Samuel Goodrich and Orrin Beckley were elected the building committee which had charge of the construction.

A New Parsonage Needed.

But the erection of a new barn was not all that was necessary to ensure the comfort of the preacher. His family, as well as his horse, needed good housing. This need had been apparent for some time, and Mr. J. Keith of New Orleans had donated a thousand dollars as the nucleus of a building fund. But the stewards had let this lie and accumulate rather than take more from their pockets to supplement it. Before the Rev. Isaac McAnn, who was the next pastor, came to the place he inquired how to find the Methodist parsonage in Barre. He was told that, if he would travel until he saw the worst looking house in the entire town, he would find that to be the parsonage. The event proved the truth of the prophecy.

A Surprised Official Board.

His goods having arrived he came up to the parsonage and found eight of the leading men of the parish, with their wives, on hand to assist him in the unloading and settling of his goods. One of them said to him, "Bro. McAnn, you do not seem to be feeling very well today." "No," said he, "I do not feel very well. In fact, I do not believe I will have my goods unpacked just yet. I have come to the conclusion that I will not live in the parsonage this year. I have looked the town over and find that it is much worse than the average of houses, and have reached the conclusion that no one would think that a man could preach who would live here, or that he had preached a good sermon if they had heard him. Now we will not have any trouble. I will find my own house, and will work just as hard as if you had given me a palace in which to live, and you can charge me what rent you please. But I will not live in the parsonage." One brother ventured to remark that there was not a house in the entire village which could be rented. "Then," said Bro. McAnn, "I'll find one outside. But I will always be here on time, and every time, and there need be no trouble on that score."

A Good Story.

Orrin Beckley, probably feeling that the dignity of the church, and the consistency of previous pastors had received a shock, ventured to remind the new pastor that he was a young man, and that many older and more experienced men than he had lived in that parsonage. The preacher replied by telling the story of a steambath on the Mississippi. "After a long, hot and smoky trip, the boat neared its destination. There were fifty passengers. Before landing they all wished to make themselves as presentable as possible, so set out for the wash room. One after another they went into the little

Personal Experience

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We have never advertised in terms of wild exaggeration. The good name and popularity of "Seven Barks" are well deserved, for it is an honest, genuine, vegetable preparation (from hyacinth bark), carefully prepared by best of chemists, strictly in accordance with the original formula of Dr. Franz Gauswein, of Weisbaden, Germany. For more than thirty years "Seven Barks" has been the ideal family remedy for the relief and cure of disorders of the digestive organs, of indigestion, of biliousness, of rheumatism, of kidney troubles, of impure blood, and all other ailments and diseases arising from a sluggish liver or impure digestive organs. It will tell its own story better than it can be described.

Buy a 50-cent bottle and use according to directions. If it does not prove effective, your druggist will give you your money back and charge same to our account.

Mrs. F. E. Ritter, of Dallas, Texas, says: "I know from personal experience that 'Seven Barks' is the very best medicine on earth for blood and stomach troubles. I am in better health than I ever was in my life."

A bottle of "Seven Barks" kept on the dining table and a few drops taken after each meal insure perfect digestion, and prevent all the evils of indigestion. Remember, your money back if it fails.

Red Cross Pharmacy.

160 North Main Street. Barre, Vermont.

cramped cabin, washed themselves in the same basin and wiped themselves on the same towel. That is, 49 of them did. When the last man went in, he washed himself without a word. But, when he came to look upon the towel upon which 49 others had wiped themselves before him, he remonstrated and went to the steward and asked for a clean towel. The steward was indignant. He felt that the prestige of the boat and his own authority were endangered, and replied, "Young man, I want you to understand that a good many older and better men than you have wiped themselves on that towel, and it is all right."

A Happy Compromise. Needless to say, this story produced a laugh, and Leonard Keith who, though not a member of the church, was a liberal supporter, regularly giving one sixth of all its expenses, proposed to Mr. McAnn that they make minor repairs on the parsonage this year, and build a new one next year, if he would consent to live in it meanwhile. This he consented to do, and the matter was happily settled, and the church lived up to its part of the contract.

A Resourceful Pastor. The happy manner in which Mr. McAnn met this emergency was an illustration of the success of his work all through the two years of his pastorate. He was bright, witty, original in his sermons and his methods, dignified in his bearings, gracious in his demeanor, affable in his intercourse, and generally popular both as a pastor and a preacher. During his pastorate some were converted; and James H. Hale and L. B. Sawyer were recommended to the Annual Conference for membership on trial.

[To Be Continued.]

Officers of Brattleboro Company. Brattleboro, Jan. 20.—The annual meeting of Co. I, 1st Inf., V. N. G., was held last evening, and these officers were elected: Clerk, and treasurer, Lieut. George E. Mosher; standing committee, Sergt. Fred C. Dunklee, Sergt. Fayette Miller, and Private F. W. Milkey.

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